DIAMOND JUBILEE.

The Gracious Queen of Sixty Years Cheered by the Throng.

Nearly All Nations Represented in the Marvelous Civic and Military Pageant —London Covered With Flags and Bunting—Beacon Fires Flash Through the Empire.

LONDON, June 22.—President McKinley has sent the following personal letter to Queen Victoria, which was delivered to her by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, special envoy:

To her majesty Victoria, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and empress of India:

"Great and good friend—In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations upon the 60th anniversary of your majesty's accession to the crown of Great Britain."

"I express the sentiments of my fellow citizens in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign illustrious and marked by advance in science, arts and popular well-being. On behalf of my countrymen, I wish particularly to recognize your friendship for the United States, and your love of peace exemplified upon important occassions.

"It is pleasing to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues. May your life be prolonged and peace, honor and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your empire under just and equal laws and your government continue strong in the affections of all who live under it.

"And I pray God to have your majesty in His holy keeping.

"Done at Washington this 28th day of May, A. D., 1897.

"Your good friend,

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

"By the President,

"JOHN SHERMAN,

"Secretary of State."

Among the list of jubilee honors is one for the Canadian premier, Wilfrid Laurier, who is made a privy councillor. Sir Donald Smith, the Canadian high commissioner in London, has been elevated to the peerage.

All the colonial premiers, William E. Lecky, the historian, and Sir Herbert Maxwell, the author, have been made privy councillors; the prince of Wales is made grand master and principal knight of the grand cross of the Bath; an earldom is conferred upon Baron Egerton, of Tatton, and peerages are conferred upon the earl of Glasgow, Viscount Downe, Justice Lopes, Rt. Hon. Ion Trant Hamilton and Sir John Burns.

QUEEN VICTORIA

The mayors of Leeds and Sheffield are made lord mayors, and the lord mayor of London, George Faudel Phillips, is made a baronet. Bancroft, the actor, is knighted, and the chief justices of Manitoba, Montreal and Ontario, Messrs. Taylor, Taggart-Tait and Hagerty are knighted.

The princess of Wales, the duke and duchess of York, the duke and duchess of Fife, Prince and Princess Charles, of Denmark, and Princess Victoria have jointly presented to the queen a brooch consisting of one very large white diamond encircled with a diamond row.

The duke and duchess of Coburg, the duke and duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, the marquis and marchioness of Lorne, and the duchesses of Albany and Battenberg have united in a gift to her majesty of a long chain of diamond links with an imperial crown in the center bearing on one side the date 1837 and on the other 1897. The dates are in brilliants.

The royal household presents to the queen a large brooch of fine brilliants, having in the center an exceptionally lustrous pearl, with a fine drop-shaped pearl and chain of brilliants attached, to match the jubilee necklace presented her in 1887 by the daughters of the empire.

Queen Victoria left Windsor castle at noon, by the sovereigns entrance, facing the longwalk, and traversed part of the high Thames streets of Windsor on her way to the railroad station. Her majesty's carriage was drawn by a pair of greys, with postillions and out-riders. The queen was accompanied by her eldest daughter, ex-Empress Frederick, of Germany, and by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Henry of Battenberg, who occupied another carriage, preceding that of her majesty. The queen, on arriving at the railroad station of Windsor, walked through the private waitingroom, leaning on the arm of an Indian attendant, and entered her saloon carriage. The royal train started at 12:10 and arrived at Paddington at 12:30 p. m. The weather was fine and warm.

Next to Paddington the crowds selected Buckingham palace as the most interesting point to view the proceedings, as the gathering of the envoys and their suites and the Indian officers invited to luncheon, to be afterwards presented, had already begun at noon. The reception of the envoys took place in the bow drawing room of the palace.

LONDON, June 23.—Congratulatory telegrams began pouring into Buckingham palace from every court in Europe early Tuesday, and also from the remotest parts of the British Empire. The queen enjoyed a good night's rest. Her majesty rose early and breakfasted with the family, looking forward to the day's functions with calmness and courage. Her majesty at 11 o'clock Tuesday forenoon, before leaving Buckingham palace for St. Paul's cathedral, caused the following message to be sent over the private wire from the palace into the central telegraph office, whence it was sent to every part of the British empire:

"From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them.

"V. R. and I."

ADMIRAL J. N. MILLER,
(In command of the United States jubilee squadron.)

Promptly at the hour appointed by the queen, the field marshal in charge of the head of the column of the royal procession, was at the Wellington statue at the Hyde Park corner, to receive the signal that the queen had entered her carriage, and at 11 o'clock the starting gun in the park was fired. The progress of the parade towards St. Paul's cathedral, whither the colonial procession had already gone, was made with few days. As a mere spectacle the royal procession was truly magnificent, but as a symbolization of power and power it eclipsed all previous pagents that the earth has ever witnessed.

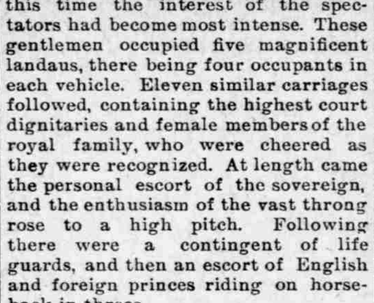
Capt. Ames, the tallest officer in the British army, mounted on a great charger, led the way, supported by four troopers of the Second Life guards. Then followed representatives of the naval gun force and the royal horse artillery came next and other detachments of the army.

Military bands were interpersed at frequent intervals throughout the procession. Indeed, such a prodigality of music has never been seen in any previous parade in London. Following the regular troops were the naval and military aid-de-camp to the queen, these including many of the most distinguished officers in the two services, As each officer was recognized by his admirers he was greeted with cheers. The foreign naval and military attaches were next, including Maj. Gen. Miles, Lieut. Col. Well, United States naval attache, and Maj. Ludlow, formerly United States military attache. The Americans wore modest uniforms, but attracted a great deal of attention.

The ambassadors came next, and by this time the interest of the spectators had become most intense. These gentlemen occupied five magnificent landaus, there being four occupants in each vehicle. Eleven similar carriages followed, containing the highest court dignitaries and female members of the royal family, who were cheered as they were recognized. At length came the personal escort of the sovereign, and the enthusiasm of the vast throng rose to a high pitch. Following there were a contingent of life guards, and then an escort of English and foreign princes riding on horseback in threes.

Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army, rode by alone and then was seen the chariot in which sat the queen. At this time the sun was shining brightly.

As her majesty approached the cheers were deafening and overwhelming. The queen sat apparently unmoved at this popular ovation, though she was several times compelled to show the emotion she felt. While she was the recipient of the grandest outpouring of popular admiration and affection ever vouchsafed to a sovereign, she could unfortunately see little or nothing of the grandeur of the pageantry. It was painfully apparent that the reports concerning the queen's approaching blindness were true.



WHITELAW REID,
(Envoy from the United States to the diamond jubilee.)

The queen's carriage reached Temple Bar at noon, where the lord mayor rendered official homage to the sovereign.

In the first carriage in the civil division, surrounded by Canadian troopers, was Hon. Wilfred Laurier, premier of Canada, and Mrs. Laurier. The premier received an ovation all along the line and waved his hat in acknowledgement.

The Canadians were followed by the New South Wales lancers and other troops, headed by Premier Reed, the Victoria mounted rifles accompanying Premier Turner, and the New Zealanders with Premier Sedden.

LONDON, June 23.—With the coming of night the crowds which had filtered out of the procession streets after the great show wedged back again to view London alight. The illuminations were achieved more artistically than the decorations by day. Tuesday night those of the metropolis are, like everything else that had previously transpired during the morning hours, greater and more resplendant than anything in her history. The symbals of loyalty and affection, of imperial grandeur and the growth of the empire that had met the eye in painted and gilded mottoes, devices of paper and bunting and spangled cloth were now reflected for miles in lines of flaring gas, glow worm oil lamps, opal globes, paper lanterns and transparencies, incandescent lamps, celluloid flowers and hundreds of devices in thousands of colored crystals. Everywhere was brilliancy, sparkle, color.

As was the case with the draperies the decorations by day were confined principally to the route taken by her majesty Tuesday morning, and may be said to have begun at Hyde Park corner. Every house showed light in some way, and where it was sufficiently brilliant the effect was decidedly enhanced by the day draperies, though the empty stands added a rather weird effect. Leaving the park the first notable illumination was that of 'the Bachelors' club, where a large medallion, surmounted by a crown, the center bearing the V. R. I., all in colored crystal and the emblazoned words, "God save the queen," marked the front of the club, every window of which poured out a stream of light. Other clubs followed suit with many colored devices, while the private residences facing Green park were not for a moment outclassed.

Turning into clubland proper, from the top of St. James street to the end of Pall Mall, the domain of the aristocracy was as they wished it, resplendently flamboyant. One of the private buildings had its facade picked out in lights of purple and fine gold radiating from a medallion portrait of her majesty shown in cut crystals. Marlborough house instantly caught the eye. Across the four pillars at the entrance to the grounds was noticeable a large branch in the form of laurels in various shades of green with natural berries, around a crown-surmounted medallion inscribed "V. R. I." The prince of Wales' feathers and badge figured in the design, the whole being of the most beautiful crystal. Round the corner at York house, illuminated crystals, a large heart formed of rose petals and May blossoms.

GEN. NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A.

Passing out of Pall Mall the celluloid balloons, quite justified French taste, the incandescent glow lamps hidden in flower petals, suggested nothing so much as a child's dream of Titanias court. Fleet street from the Law Courts to Ludgate Circus was a dazzling vista of prismatic and radiant devices, ending up on Ludgate hill in the massive dome of St. Paul's brilliantly lit by search lights, standing with its huge golden cross a beacon to Greater London and beyond.

Nothing in all London or elsewhere exceeded in artistic beauty and brilliancy of display the scene from the Wellington statue, with Bank of England on one side and the Mansion house on the other. The official home of the lord mayor was bathed in so much light that all the beauties of the day seemed to fit in and charmingly mingle with that of the night.

With illuminations which are universal in every city, town and hamlet of England, Wales and Scotland, and in some parts of Ireland, with fireworks in countless places, with illuminations following the fall of night in every part of the empire where the queen has sway, there yet remains to be mentioned the final touch—the lighting of the empire's torch—the ancient form of giving warning or sending joy, the beacon fires. As 10 o'clock struck at the Greenwich observatory a tongue of flame shot upward from Great Malvern "the backbone of the Midland." It was the jubilee beacon fire. Hardly had the spectator time to look on it before another flared in the distance on the right, than again on the left. on the north south, east and west. Peak answered to peak, until from Berwick-on-Tweed to Rough Tor and Brown Willie in Cornwall, from the cathedral towers of Litchfield, Worcester, Ripon, Lincoln and Durham, from Skiddaw to St. Heliers, from Hastings to Cedar Iris and across the water to Donegal and Dublin, a thousand beacon fires blazed up their message of loyalty to the sovereign. Half an hour later the lowlands, the highlands, the wild Hebrides, even to Netima Thule, sent answering signals to the sky. And then slowly, as the light failed from day to evening round the world, the empire's torch was lit. From St. Heliers the signal leaped to Gibraltar, to Malta, to Cyprus, to Ceylon, to India, where it blazed triumphant on the Himalayans, to China, to Australia, to Canada, to the West Indies, the empire's torch shed its radiance over the universe.

Jubilee Day in Toronto.

TORONTO, Ont., June 23.—The entire city is gay with bunting and flags and evergreen. At 10 o'clock Tuesday morning the cannon in the front of the parliament buildings boomed the royal salute and immediately after the long jubilee procession started on its course through the city.

IN PACKING TRUNKS.

How to Go About the Task and Prevent Disheveled Wardrobes.

Now a word of advice can be given to the woman traveler who is not so fortunate as to possess a well-trained maid. Pack your own trunks and pack with care. More rumpled and impossible gowns are due to careless packing and loose adjusting than any other one thing. No amount of tight packing or of pressure applied downward will do more than accentuate the natural folds. A single toss of the trunk that is loosely packed means a hopeless jumble of hats, wraps, bodices, laces and what not. Begin at the foundation with the heaviest garments. Do not fold too much; shake skirts from the waistband and spread them out the entire length without folding if the size of the trunk will allow. If not, spread out with great care in the folds which are naturally taken when held in an upright position and turn over smoothly at the top. Shake wraps from the shoulders, lay them out in the folds which they naturally take, with great care smooth the sleeves and turn the fronts over on the back, smoothing and adjusting all trimmings and frills so as to avoid horizontal creases. It is impossible to so fold a garment as to avoid all lines, but those taken lengthwise of the cloth readily disappear and are also little noticed, as they take the direction of the folds formed by the garment itself.

Jackets, however, must be so managed as not to show a crease. Loose bodices require tissue paper for the support of puffs and the like, but they can be saved from much rumpling if spread out in the trunk and folded as little as possible. Then pack close and tight. Reluctant as we are to bear down upon our finery, packing that is well and scientifically done will injure them less than being thrown into a heap at one end of the trunk. Stockings and small wear can be used to wedge corners. Skirts, night dresses and white wear can be spread between dress skirts and bodices of silk and organdie, and so made to serve as protection and economize space by doing away with the necessity of extra clothes. Hats should be packed firmly, so as not to move, and for this purpose any light articles, such as handkerchiefs, mouchoir cases or soft and pliable objects that will not crush nor injure the fashionable headgear, may be used.—Philadelphia Times.

HAVE LOST FAVOR.

Savories to Serve at Afternoon Teas in Place of Cake or Wafers.

Cakes and wafers have lost favor at tea tables. They have been replaced by little savories, which harmonize with the popular antique silver and china by passing under their old-fashioned name of "whets;" for the afternoon tea, originally intended to be a light refreshment, had become a detriment to the dinner. Savories, on the contrary, are a whet to the appetite and clear the palate for the due appreciation of the dinner. Two or three different kinds are usually served. Anybody possessed of a little cooking knowledge can arrange a variety of them at a minimum of trouble and expense, and in their variety lies half their charm.

There are many kinds of fish, both preserved in oil and smoked, that may be used. These should be sprinkled with chopped fine herbs, placed upon thin slices of fresh bread—from which the crust has been carefully cut—rolled and served en pyramide.

Toasted crumpets, heavily buttered, spread with caviar upon which a little lemon juice has been squeezed, and served hot, are considered a great delicacy on English tea tables. Another way of serving caviar is to spread it on thin bread and butter, which is then rolled up like tiny cigars. Russians declare, however, that the less done to caviar the better it will be, and to send it to the tea table in its original jar, with an accompaniment of fresh dry toast and quartered lemon is the fashion preferred by connoisseurs.—From What to Eat.

Fine Skin Creams.

For those who have occasion to use much cold cream, the following recipe will prove not only most healing and delightful, but can be made at one-quarter the expense that one is in the habit of incurring for creams of best quality: Take one-half pound of the very best lard and boil five minutes in a pint of water, then place in cold water to cool. When perfectly cold, boil in exactly the same way again. Repeat this operation four times. Then melt this clarified lard by itself and thoroughly beat into it a small-sized bottle of glycerine and cucumber. Another excellent cold cream is made as follows: Take two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, one dram of white wax, one dram of spermaceti, one-half pint of rose water or orange water. Melt and stir in a mortar till cold. A very simple and efficacious salve for the lips may be made by taking equal parts of almond or olive oil and the best white wax. Melt the wax in a clean saucepan, set it on the side of the stove, and stir in the oil. —Home Queen.

Turkish Delight.

A delicious confection is called Turkish delight. To make it break one ounce of sheet gelatine into pieces, and soak in half a cupful of cold water for two hours. Weigh one pound of granulated sugar, and put it in a granite pan with half a cupful of cold water. Stand the pan over the fire, and when the sugar is melted and comes to the boiling point add the soaked gelatine, and boil steadily for 20 minutes. Flavor with the rind and juice of one orange, the juice of a lemon, and a tablespoonful of rum. Wet a tin in cold water, and turn this mixture in, having it about an inch in thickness, and stand away to harden. When it is jellied cut into inch-square pieces, and roll them in confectioners' sugar. A few chopped nuts added with the flavoring are good. —Boston Budget.

A BUFFALO STAMPEDE.

Buffalo Bill's Story of a Wild Charge on a Wagon Train.

One of the most exciting scenes in connection with hunting the buffalo was a "buffalo stampede." I recall an exciting incident of this kind. It was while I was traveling across the plains with a bull-train outfit, carrying supplies for Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson's army that was sent against the Mormons. A train consisted of 25 wagons all in charge of one man, who was known as the wagon master. The second man in command was the assistant wagon master. There was an extra hand, the night herder and the cavallard driver, whose duty it was to drive the lame and loose cattle. The whole train was denominated "a bull outfit." Everything at that time was called an outfit, and at the present time the paraphernalia of the hunter who goes out on a hunting excursion is called by the same name.

When the train struck the South Platte river we found the country alive with buffaloes. Vast herds of these monarchs of the plains were roaming all around us, and we lay over one day for a grand hunt. The next day we pulled out of camp, and the train was strung out a considerable length along the road, which ran near the foot of the sand hills, two miles from the river. Between the road and the river we saw a large herd of buffaloes grazing quietly; they had been down to the stream for a drink. At the same time we observed a party of returning Californians coming from the west. They, too, noticed the buffalo herd, and, in another moment, they were dashing down upon them with terrific speed. The buffalo herd stampeded at once and broke down the hills. So hotly were they pursued by the hunters that several hundreds of them rushed through our train pell mell, frightening both men and oxen. Some of the wagons were turned clear around, and many of the terrified oxen attempted to run to the hills, with the heavy wagons attached to them. Others turned around so short that they broke the wagon tongues off. Nearly all the teams got entangled in their gearing and became wild and unruly, so that the perplexed drivers were unable to manage them. The buffaloes, the wagons, and the drivers were soon running in every direction, and there was certainly no lack of excitement. Many of the cattle broke their yokes and stampeded. One big buffalo bull became entangled in one of the heavy wagon chains. In his desperate efforts to free himself, he not only snapped the strong chain in two, but broke the ox-yoke to which it was attached, and the last seen of him he was running toward the hills with the yoke hanging from his horns. A dozen other equally remarkable incidents happened during the short time that the frantic buffaloes were playing havoc with our train. When they got through and left us, our outfit was badly crippled and scattered.—Col. William F. Cody, in N. Y. Independent.

CEREALS USELESS FOR INDIA.

A Letter Showing the Futility of Sending Wheat and Corn.

Senator Chandler has received a letter from George A. Kittredge concerning the proposed relief expedition for India, and says from his knowledge of the conditions the proposed expedition of corn and wheat will be impracticable, and says there is no organization in India for the distribution of food, and that the famine districts are scattered from the Madras presidency, at the south, to the Punjaub, in the north. "It would be almost impossible," he says, "to divide a large quantity of grain among the needy. The grain would go to India in bulk, but there are no elevators there or other means of receiving it in that form. It must be put into bags, the bags must be bought, and the grain filled in the bags on board the steamer. Apart from the expense of the bags, I do not see how the bags could be filled in that climate in the holds of steamers.

"There is the expense of sending the grain to India, and after its arrival at a port the expense of railway freight—heavy in India—of sending it up country. A theory has been promulgated in India that the plague arose from wheat. The result is that no wheat or flour will be received in other parts of India from Bombay. The authorities in Calcutta have forbidden the receipt of flour ground at flour mills at Bombay. Under no circumstances, therefore, must the grain be sent to Bombay. If, before its arrival in India, the plague should break out in Calcutta, this city would be put into the same position, and the grain would have to remain there. Very few of the people of India have ever seen Indian corn. They would have no means of grinding it, nor would they know how to cook it. Wheat, too is used by comparatively few of the people."

He suggests that if the contributions are sent in the form of money it would be distributed in a manner to be of some use to the suffering people of India.—Washington Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Costly Cabbages.

Three thousand dollars seems a good deal of money to pay for a common or garden cabbage. Yet this is the cost per head at which the French government has for 17 years past been raising a limited crop of the familiar esculent in the very heart of Paris. In 1880 the legislature sanctioned the expenditure of $1,400,000 on the purchase of a bit of waste ground at the corner of Rue Colbert. From that day to this not an attempt has been made to utilize the space except for the growth of the cabbages in question, to the average number of 23 yearly. As the annual interest on the money amounts to $70,000, each of these horticultural products costs the nation something like the sum mentioned.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—In every school in Paris there is a restaurant where free meals are served to the children who are too poor to pay for them.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Neither.—She—"Do you belong to a cycling club, or are you unattached?" He—"Neither. I'm married." — Indianapolis Journal.

—"Does your minister practice what he preaches?" "He has preached it so often he doesn't need to practice it any more."—Detroit Journal.

—"Papa, how do the people in the weather bureau find out what kind of weather we are going to have?" "I didn't know that they did, my son."—Yonkers Statesman.

—An Age of Miracles.—The Hostess—"Society possesses a power that is almost magical. Guest — "It does, indeed. How easily, for instance, it transforms an ass into a lion."—Life.

—"Wiggins had to have his telephone taken out." "Why?" "Well—he had told his wife they must cut down expenses, and so she called him up every afternoon to see whether he had gone to baseball."—Detroit Free Press.

—Premature Conclusion.—"That was my Cousin George I was out driving with yesterday afternoon. You ought to see him manage a team. He is the most expert driver with one hand I ever saw." "Drove with one hand, did he, Miss Julia?" "Sir! He talked to me with the other one. He is deaf and dumb."—Chicago Tribune.

—Fuddy—"Isn't Miss Smarte a little extravagant? I notice she wears silk about every day in the week. Don't think I ever saw her in calico." Duddy—"Oh, that's not extravagance. The fact is, she's terribly set against the personal element in journalism; so much so indeed, that she never allows herself to appear in print."—Boston Transcript.

—Twentieth Century Love Scene.—Suitor—"Ah, dearest Irma, what ecstasy lies in this sweet passion of love which makes the heart flutter and the pulse beat faster." Irma (recent graduate of a medical school, seizing his hand)—"Ha, villain! You are deceiving me! Your pulse is quite normal—only 72. Begone!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE BIG BRIDGE.

An Object Lesson to Brooklyn People of the Vanity of All Earthly Hopes.

"I have been told," said the Brooklyn man, "that Mr. Martin, the chief engineer of the bridge, studied for the ministry once. I don't suppose that this is really true. Most things you hear about the bridge are not true. For instance, there is that story that something is going to be done sometime to relieve the crush of travel during the rush hours. Of course, no sensible man would believe such a story now; and anyone who would pay attention to it doesn't deserve any better fate than to have to cross the bridge daily at six p. m. That's the way with about everything you hear about the bridge; there isn't a word of truth in it.

"But the reason I mention the story about the early religious training of Mr. Martin is that it is characteristic of the true purpose of the bridge and of the religious flavor that clings about it. People used to think that the bridge was built to take people home to Brooklyn or to enable them to get away from Brooklyn. Since it was discovered that this idea was all wrong and that it wasn't meant for any such thing, some people have never been able to understand it. The truth is that the bridge is intended as a great moral lesson, and Mr. Martin's early religious education, if he ever had any, would make him just the man for the place. Do you see how nicely the facts fit this theory? Thus, a course in engineering would fit a man better than a theological education to run a big bridge that was merely a bridge; but on the other hand, you would expect frequent breakdowns on a big bridge managed by a former theological student intent on the spiritual regeneration of his fellowmen.

"The moral lesson of the bridge? Oh, that is plain enough. Go down to Fulton ferry, Brooklyn side, and look up. There you get the best view of the bridge. It suggests the straight and narrow path. It also suggests that the best way to use the bridge, if you are not seeking moral lessons, is to take the ferry. The moral pointed out by the bridge is the vanity of all earthly hopes. Did you see that the trustees took out that elevator the other day? Well, that was part of the moral lesson. They left it there long enough for everybody to see it and get an idea that some day he wouldn't have to walk up all these steps to the cars; and then when hope was brightest they blasted it by removing the elevator. No, I don't believe that it was done of malice and pure cussedness and desire to tease Brooklyn people. The intention was simply to chasten and subdue the spirit. It was simply in line with the so-called improvements on the bridge. The work was dragged along for two or three years and everybody kept telling his neighbors in the scrimmage on the platform at night that the good time was coming when there would be plenty of cars and no crowding. Well, the improvements are all finished and the crowding is just as bad as ever. I believe they pretend there is 15 seconds less headway between trains; but the cars are the same old sardine boxes. No, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the bridge is intended to teach Brooklyn people that in this world disappointments are alone certain and that earthly hopes are vain; and Mr. Martin is apparently just the man for superintendent, even if it is not true that he once studied for the ministry."—N. Y. Sun.

Compensation.

Traveler—I understand that nightingales are never heard here in Scotland.

Native—No; but we have some of the finest whisky that ever was swallowed. —Boston Transcript.

Why People Marry.

She—A woman marries a man to keep him indoors.

He—And a man marries a woman to keep her in hats.—Yonkers Statesman.